

## A Monologue of the Tiger Trap Gate

by Lu Baihu

Category: Romance of the 3 Kingdoms  
Genre: Adventure  
Language: English  
Status: In-Progress  
Published: 2000-05-11 09:00:00  
Updated: 2000-05-11 09:00:00  
Packaged: 2016-04-27 17:35:29  
Rating: K+  
Chapters: 1  
Words: 686  
Publisher: [www.fanfiction.net](http://www.fanfiction.net)  
Summary: Lu Bu's perspective on the famed duel of Hulao Gate  
...

### A Monologue of the Tiger Trap Gate

> <meta name="ProgId"> Some Monologues of Lu Bu, Hero of the Land

# A Monologue of Lu Bu, Hero of the Land, at Hulao Gate

\*\*

Well, Pan Feng was easy enough. Even a battle-axe is no match for the trident halbred. And yet, what is this? Some new foe, with spear in hand! (Gongsun Zan) Quickly, a 'swinging-horse slash' is aimed overhead by this challenger, which I avoid. Now the 'rising-star stab' is tried, only for the point to catch within my halbred blades. The counterblow is fierce, yet by a great act of will the head is tucked in. Then, the horse is turned, and its rider retreats to camp.

Without fear I press the charge, riding the marvelous 500-mile Red Hare warsteed. I raise the mighty trident, ready to thrust a fatal blow through my running opponent. Then, a \_clang!\_ The strike is blocked! I see here a warrior of flattish head, and lion's whiskers with a brutish sculpt. I turn to this new warrior, trying my own 'rising-star slash.' To great surprise, his own slash of a snaking-head spear strikes, and the awe nearly dehorses me. Recovering, I angle the halbred, the pommel meeting the side of the man's helmet. He reels, and my opportunity follows with a overhead slash. Only with a veer right does he escape, and now he tries again. Even here I know the eyes of my father and the enemy, all in awe at our magnificense

As I parry a new blow, I find that out from the ranks rides a new man, on a white horse. With a fierce face of apple red, with silkworm eyebrows and raven-dark beard on a fighting robe a-fluttering, the

hero seeks to challenge even as the brute and I have yet to finish ours. Encouraged, the first steps back, then charges with a twirl, met with my own. As one, the newcomer is quick to try this, but is met in the same swing. He tries to chop me down from above, but the blow is well met and flung aside. Now I believe my father's eyes are fearful, worried of my prospects. My next circling blow takes those away.

Both riders circle around, trying for an opening in my spearsmanship. True, I cannot find one in theirs. However, I am not with a fit of rage, which would offset me. I calmly match each strike of the snaking spear, and the dragon-headed blade. Without a worry I cross blades with both, while keeping the two in my view. Then it happens.

With a cry of "Brothers! I shall aid!" a new rider leaves the circle of troops in assembly, entering the fray. Not missing rhythm, his intricately-forged swords are deflected. Now, I have new worries of my own. In keeping with the dragon's-mouth blade or the snake-spear, how can my trident halbred defend from the quick, phantom blades? Also, can even two eyes of fierce and careful observation track three enemies at once?

Now in a desperation attempt, I wildly take my halbred in hand, swinging the shining-sun blade in a mad fervor above my head to ward off the three brothers. All back off, giving me new room to breathe. Still, I feel the fatigue, urging me onwards. I still slash and stab with the fervor of desperation, but weariness is catching up to me. If I try on I shall fail ....

In a sudden move, the enemy commander draws his sword, wielding the glimmering blade and crying, "Kill!!!" At once the orange-clad infantry rush on, and now I know the cause is lost. In a final defiant act, I feint a stab into the face of the newest attacker to ward him off, and he quickly sidesteps. Through this new opening I urge on Red Hare, retreating to Hulao Gate

\*\*

\*RRWWAARR\* Lu Baihu

End  
file.